

Team Rescue

by Frank Tichler

I would like to submit a "Rescue Story" that highlights not just your rubber boat boys, but the thoughtfulness of all the of Jericho members.

A few summers back, I was learning how to use my very cheap Bic windsurfer down at Jericho. I wasn't doing too bad until I fell off and the boom landed square on the board and the whole thing took off like a stray puppy towards English Bay Beach. Though comfortable with suit and PFD, I realized it was time to not play the hero and call for help. "Help, help" I cried, and instantly everyone around me sprung into action.

One of the boats with a handicapped sailor aboard saw my runaway board and grabbed it. A novice sailor in a little dinghy came by and asked me if she could do anything to help. I pointed at my distant Bic and asked her if she could take me down there. She said she would try, told me to climb in, and warned me that she was not very good at sailing. Never looking down my nose at anyone else's sailing skills, I jumped in and we headed toward my lassoed runaway sailboard. We had to tack a few times to get there, and on each and every tack I was hit with the boom and pummelled into the water- again and again - but we finally got to my rig and took over from very patient people holding onto it.

I made it back to the club in one piece, standing up and tacking against the wind. Ever since I have been trying to give away my old equipment, and your notice about the swap meet on W. 4th is timely indeed. I also promise to some day figure out why that boom always hit me from behind no matter what direction we were sailing.

With so many people willing to help others, the Jericho Sailing Centre come highly recommended, and I have since signed up as a member.

Editor's Note: This sea tale highlights one of the first lessons we teach in the Jericho Rescue Team Training Program – you don't need a dedicated rescue boat to assist someone in distress.